46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

~~Tu~~ Wednesday. Dec 6th
1904

My Rolet,

Here I have been going as much as you up-me. The Quaker is slightly more vegetate without you to stir her up, & has begun to set out family analy which bore me to death, & reads them aloud after dinner, she reads as though she were intoning a prayer, & I ~~[illegible]~~ have to call all my loyalty duty to hear it. I lunched with Adrian today, & met Mrs. Headlam, whom I always like, though

you think him a flirt. He is
one of the people who really
cared for Father & Mother – he
has pictures of them both in his
rooms – & besides he is a true
artist in his way, & else in
me more than anything
people. An artist is always
so much more simple & kind
than anyone else, though he
may be flirtatious too. Still
there are flirty who are not artists.
It is pouring wet, for which
reason perhaps I have had a
pain in my back most of the day,

though I had quite a good night,
except for dreams. It is rather a bore,
& I have to go out to tea with a
great stupid school girl whom Nan
wants me to befriend. However I
dare say my tonic will take away
the pain. It is such a bore to feel
useless. I am writing a
comic life of Aunt Esther as a pendant
to the Life of Caroline Emelia —
I think it ought to be amusing, as
she is a promising subject. Two
words which would have come
from Mr. Lyttelton. I have not heard
whether she will take my Haworth
or what she thinks of it. Don't
bother to read through the green book;
those things are only Essays & Experiments
& I don't think I want to print
any of them — I had rather write

perh they than polish as the old—
& they would want a lot of
polishing. I think I have about
finished the Letters for Ked as the
2 last barely have nothing worth
copying in them. They are merely
scraps about as a other worry —
as which they had meng. The
history of Laura is really the most
tragic thing in his life I think; & one
that one can hardly describe in the
life. The letters are full of her.
If you see Mrs Lyttelton may to
find out how often I may write
for her with a chance of being
accepted.

Good Ms,
I got for you husband(!) a
Christmas present yesterday!

Dec 5. 1904

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

6th Dec.

Dear Violet,

Why should you trouble to write two letters, when one is quite good enough - two good - for me? Really I am surprised that you find that blessed green book any good at all. I remember hammering out those articles when I ought to have been doing Greek grammar - & having to stop writing in a sudden when Case came into the room - So I concluded that they couldn't be much good. I think you quite a first rate critic! don't you? Shant appoint you Critic in Ordinary.

I wrote a Review this morning, & also an obituary notice of poor old Shay, who was killed by a hansom, Netta say. His was a most pathetic history, & I hope Mrs. L. will print it, & make poor Sophie's heart glad. She never could get reconciled to Garth. But you will probably think it trash. & say so, & you do. Dont bother Mrs. L. if she's busy. My proofs have'nt come, but I dont want them. I want to set on with Mary Fisher while I am in the mood. These things amuse me, & if they make you sneer, so much the better — Yes

the Leakes to the Witherby today;
so I gave her 2 pots of flowers, &
she gave me some frilly such as she
wears for my neck & wrists! which
she sat up to make last night. They
are really rather nice. I told her I
wanted a treat to celebrate the day, so,
as the way going out, she stopped at a
shop & bought me some chocolates, &
herself some solid almond paste, &
Adrian some Chestnuts. We are going
to eat as much as we can after
dinner over the drawing room fire!
Really the old Lady has a sense of
humour; & I ventured to say that.
Death on her 70th birthday from a
surfeit of almond paste would not
be a seemly end for the Light of
the Leakes & Comberede — at
which she laughed.

My back hasn't ached for 2 days, thanks to the voice, & though I had rather a bad night again last night. I don't feel so tired today though.

I shall come up on Saturday afternoon - & oh the peace of being at home again!
This week has been long.

NYPL

I saw Ted M. this afternoon for the last time. He wants me to write something for him - so that I remember, for him - so that will give me something to do after Xmas - I want to do it as well as I can.

Lane End.

1904. 140

Bank

Sydenham

Xmas day.

46. Gordon Square.
Bloomsbury.

My Violet. What is the use of my giving you
new address before we went – as for know I did –
when you go on answering yourself by writing
imposing descriptions of a literary kind upon your
envelopes. Only postmen with a taste for the
higher kinds of literature will appreciate the task
of making out your address. However the letters
come right, which is a great tribute to them. The postmen –
education. Now do remember what I have written at
the top, & try & put it right next time.
It is Christmas Evening, & we are all torpid from the

Effects of a Christmas tea eaten on top of a Christmas
Turkey. Sophie never lets us eat on Christmas day at all, &
when this letter is finished, I shall have to go down &
attack the Turkey leg which were left intact. Thoby has
such a large helping that another plate has to receive the
overflow, & he sat impartially from both. They spent the
afternoon in making Rum Punch, which is made half of
rum half of brandy, with sugar & lemon & hot water thrown in:
the house smells like a public house in consequence & we
shall have a very merry evening. But this letter, then
for high & dry aristocracy! We all talk at once & make
such brilliant jokes as never were seen. Thoby & Adrian
have hunted from 10.30 to 5 every day since we have been
here, & propose to hunt every day till we have – on their own
kind legs unless they can one day afford a horse. Old Stead
has sent – by Fz. 10. Each, & they are going to have horses

NYPL

at q this. There is a book I have long had my eye on which I shall now buy the first moment I am in London, & I am already rather excited about it. Nessa & I spend our days very harmoniously, a good deal out q doors, when we walk into the beech woods which come up to the house. Really old Minna showed some sense when she built this house, though she did make such a bad bargain qit.[NOAH] The house itself is really pretty & comfortable & the position is divine. Tomorrow Nessa & I are going to hire a Bank Holiday pony & drive to the meet about 5 miles off, & have a picnic in the woods together. I shall probably make scrambled eggs. Low! I wish you were with us! I rather put my foot into it with LW. Lytton, I am afraid; she wanted to cut out certain things in Shag, & I wrote & said Please do, & always alter my things as you like. I only meant - Cut out if too long. I didn't mean in this cool way to ask her to do all the dirty work of correcting & polishing for me. I think I shall have to tell her. I had 2 proof of Reviews this morning which were very badly printed, & I was in need of your proof correcting hand which I have left at home. I do nothing but read here all day long which is what I most enjoy, but I begin to feel the desire q the pen in my blood, & have had work not to write. I dont want to be for ever scribbling. I am just finishing the Life q B.J. which begins to bore me slightly - not the Life, which is excellent, but the man. He is very rather a backboneless charming creature, & when we know that he was not a great painter but only a glorified kind q decorator, all the anecdotes & letters he & are rather too much q a good thing. I suppose he was a loveable old gossip, but not remarkable in any way. There's rather a nice page about our Princep relations. I always feel, though it is snobbish - unphilosophic, because with the truest great one does'nt feel it - that he isn't a gentleman - not in anything not with the education or restraint or character q a gentlemen. His letters I rather loathe. Write & address. Ever VW.

New Forest.
46. Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

My Kolet.

I am so cross to say, crosser than ever — that book or a man, the Cornhill Editor sends me back my Article - Boswell's letters - without a word, but a printed slip. I never expected him to take it, since I found that it would only make 2 Cornhill pages which is impossibly short or course — but I thought he might say so — Also Haldane isn't exactly warm in his praise & altogether I feel little as if I had in the Bible, despised & upsetted a man. It was a fool not to find something suitable for the Cornhill instead of sending an old & fragmentary bit — but I don't take this as an insult to my literary genius — only a d— d bore, because I want to make money — & I shant have time to

write when we go back, except an occasional review. I had a letter from Fred Maitland saying that his materials for come to an end in Nov, & with I try & take some more letters up, & write as much as I can of all the last years mysely — which will take me all my time — as it means going through letters which I had put away as useless — again. Also he wants me to try & make out a Bibliography, which is sure to be a tiresome & difficult job — also to collect articles for which ought to be reprinted. And I had made a 1905 vow to keep myself in pocket money at least this year by my writing! However we have an extra £50, which will more than pay our bills & leave a little balance for the new year. I have been writing 2 little articles for Mrs L: — I suppose she'll refuse them — one on Christchurch — the other on the forest — which I have tried to make good & careful. Then I have read a good deal, & many things, & reading makes me intensely happy, & culminates in

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write when we go back, except an occasional review. I had

fit of writing always. How are you, my Sheepshanks dear?
The original Sheepshanks wants me to go & see her, & talk over
my views - which I aint none. She thinks I might combine
amusement & instruction - a little gossip & sympathy - & then
'talks' about books & pictures. I'm sure I dont mind how
much I talk - & really dont see any limit to the things
I might talk about. However as she is sure - the Good
Sheepshanks - that I shall be of the greatest use - I dont mind
trying. I enclose some Early work - in fact the first I did
When the divine inspiration seized me - & I am now improved
according to severer critics, & draw ponies out of my head, &
domestic groups. We certainly are domestic: We all draw
for 1 hour & ½ after dinner, & Nessa reads aloud, the
silliest novel we can find, at which we all roar with
laughter - & Thoby draws murderers escaping & criminals
being hung - & once, I'm sorry to say, the back view of
God Almighty - & Adrian draws foxes, & tongs & dogs,
running along with their tongues out, & a beautiful seat on
a horse, who's himself, galloping up in front of the hounds.
They have just come in from their second & last hunt on
horseback, which wasn't as good as the last, but they
seem generally in good spirits. I never saw people eat
as they do - & the result in Thoby's case is really rather
alarming. It expands in his waistcoat, & rolls 2 double
chins out of his collar. I shall be rather - in fact very -
glad to be home, in my own room, with my books, & I want
to work like a steam engine, though Editors wont take
what I write. I must thank you for what I have done when it
is typed, & please be very kind. Mrs L. or Margaret L. rather
cobbled my poor things between them: I wish they would let me do it
if it has to be done. & please dont say you want to alter things
or they or I shall give up writing altogether & take to drink
or Society When shall you be in London? Write a long long letter

Yr V.S.

4/11/06 Hilman

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Jan 14: 1905

Dear Violet,

I am discharged cured! Isn't it a joke! Savage was quite satisfied & said he wanted me to go back to my ordinary life in everything — to go out & see people, & work, & to forget my illness. He asked me to go & dine with him. He thinks me quite normally well now, & there need be no special care which is such a mercy. Morley College work is all right, but he want say it mayn't possibly be too much. Has I have told him I think there is no risk of this & so I will start, if the like now

A.S.